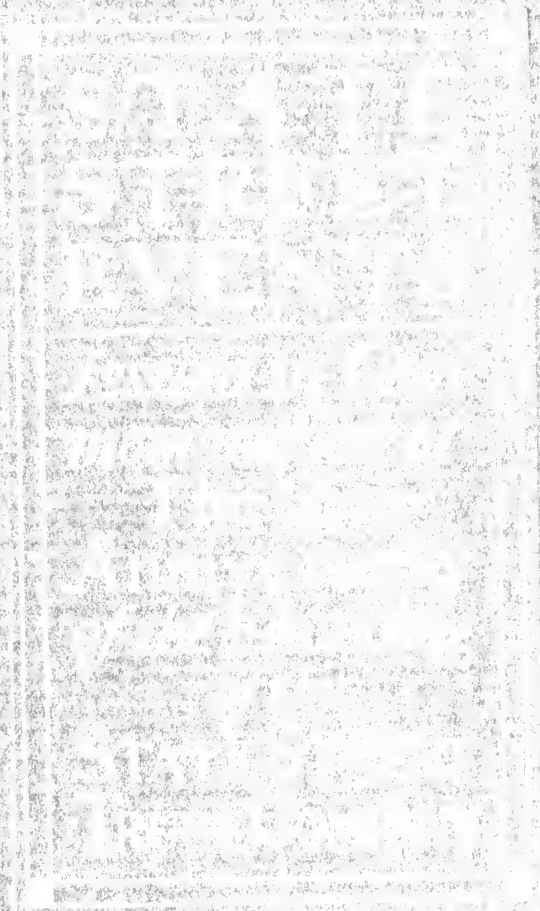
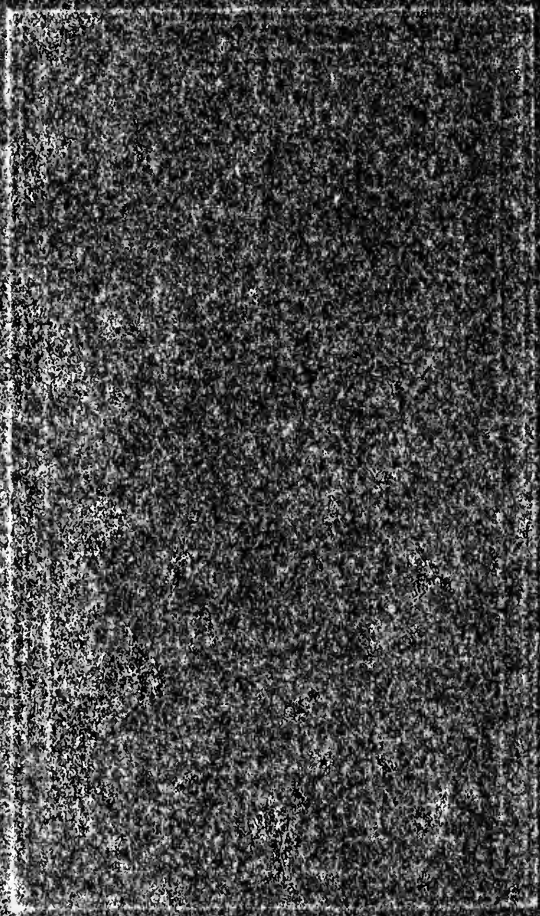
S72

0 014 076 962 9

Hollinger
pH 8.5
Mill Run F03-2193

73
7
7 S72
py 1





STATE STREET IN 1849

From an original print in the main office of the State Street Trust Company

A Brief Account of divers *Notable Persons* & sundry *Stirring Events* having to do with the *History* of this

Imprinted for the

OF BOSTON

On the Occasion of the *25th* Anniversary of its Founding

1916

Copyright, 1916
by the
State Street Trust Company

Compiled, arranged and printed by direction of
Walton Advertising & Printing Co.
Boston, Mass.

©CLA431395

JUN -7 1916

No. 1

The State Street Trust Company on the 25th anniversary of its founding is distributing to its depositors and to others who may be interested, this pamphlet, similar to those issued annually, and at the same time ventures to give a very brief account of its early days. The directors of the Company in deciding upon a name very wisely chose "State Street" owing to the prominent part this street has played in the history of Boston from the early days of the Colony up to the present time. This would seem, therefore, an appropriate time to relate briefly some of the important events that have taken place on State Street.

Acknowledgments and thanks are due to the following for assistance in the preparation of this booklet:

Augustus P. Loring for assistance in connection with Boston Massacre events; William C. Lane of the Widener Library, Harvard University, for help in connection with the Louisburg Cross article; Charles F. Read and other officials of the Bostonian Society for the use of a number of prints; Otto Fleischner and other officials of the Boston Public Library for courteous assistance in the selection of books of reference; and Walter K. Watkins, for suggestions as to various events.

In conclusion the Trust Company expresses its thanks for the generous patronage of the public which it has always received, and which it hopes it may continue to deserve in the future.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Early Days of the Trust Company	5
Boston's First Merchant	7
The First Meeting-house in Boston erected on State Street	7
Miantonomo, the Indian Chief, visits State Street	10
List of Subscribers to build the "Old Town House"	11
Triumphal Return of the Louisburg Expedition	13
First Play acted in Boston and the Results	18
Arrival of the British Troops at Long Wharf	21
Assault on James Otis	23
Funeral Procession of the Massacre Victims	25
"Sam Adams's Regiments"	31
John Malcolm, Collector of Customs, is tarred and feathered	34
Declaration of Independence read	36
Civic Feast on State Street	38
Funeral Procession of John Hancock	40
"Bloody Monday" on State Street	41
Arrival of Commodore Bainbridge after his Victory	45
Anthony Burns led down State Street to be returned to Slavery	46
Submarine Walking Race from Long Wharf to East Boston	49

STATE STREET IN 1835

From a print owned by the Bostonian Society

TWENTY-FIVE years ago to-day, June 9, 1891, the State Street Trust Company held its first directors' meeting in order to form the necessary plans for beginning business.

The Company was started by some of the directors and officers of the Third National Bank who believed it would be a convenience for the box renters of the State Street Safe Deposit Company to have a Trust Company in the same room, in order that the box renters might have an accessible place in which to deposit or cash their coupons. The Third National Bank at this time had its rooms in the basement of the same building. The $300,000 stock of the Trust Company was first offered to the stockholders of the Third National Bank and was almost all subscribed by them.

Moses Williams, Joseph B. Russell, Eliot C. Clarke, Frederic J. Stimson, Edward Atkinson, Thomas O. Richardson, Charles E. Sampson, Arthur Wainwright, and Francis B. Sears were present at the first meeting of the Board. Mr. Williams, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Clarke are still serving as directors, the two former being also officers, and Mr. Stimson resigned only last year to accept a diplomatic position. At the second meeting William L. Chase and Royal E. Robbins were added to the Board, the former becoming Vice-President. Charles Lowell was the first actuary, continuing in this position until his death in 1906. Colonel William L. Chase died shortly after the organization of the Company.

On the first of July of the same year the Company started in business with offices in the basement of the Exchange Building, directly under the present rooms of the Federal Reserve Bank. At the end of the day new accounts, amounting to $8,898, had been opened by six depositors, who have banked with the Company ever since, or until their death. It is interesting to note that the first loan taken by the bank was on Boston & Maine stock, which at that time was selling at $165 a share. (The loan has since been paid!)

When the Third National Bank was consolidated with the Na-

tional Shawmut Bank, the Trust Company became entirely independent of outside institutions and has remained so ever since. This policy, combined with the best of banking facilities and courteous attention, has been the greatest factor in the large and steady increase of the Company's deposits. A number of officers and clerks have been with the Company for more than seventeen years, which helps to ensure efficient service to its customers.

During the latter part of the year 1900 the Company moved from its early location in the Exchange Building to the Union Building, occupying the offices on the corner of State and Exchange Streets. The deposits at this time were about $2,000,000, and after being in this excellent location eleven years these figures rose to about $13,000,000. In the present offices in the Worthington Building the deposits have grown to over $24,000,000, represented by over fifteen thousand accounts. The increase in deposits at each five-year period is as follows:—

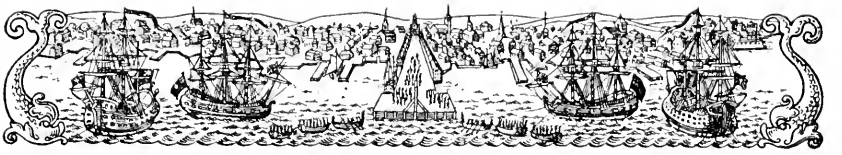
January 1, 1896	$1,241,353.10
1901	2,085,494.86
1906	7,180,658.66
1911	13,365,237.97
1916	22,313,338.22

In addition to the increased space, another inducement to move to the Worthington Building was in order to have safe deposit vaults.

In 1902 it was voted to open a Branch Office on Massachusetts Avenue for the convenience of residents in that vicinity, and in 1905 the Company erected its present building on the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street. This office is also equipped with safe deposit vaults, and is used by about 3,000 depositors.

The capital stock has twice been increased until it now stands at $1,000,000, and $1,650,000 in surplus and profits.

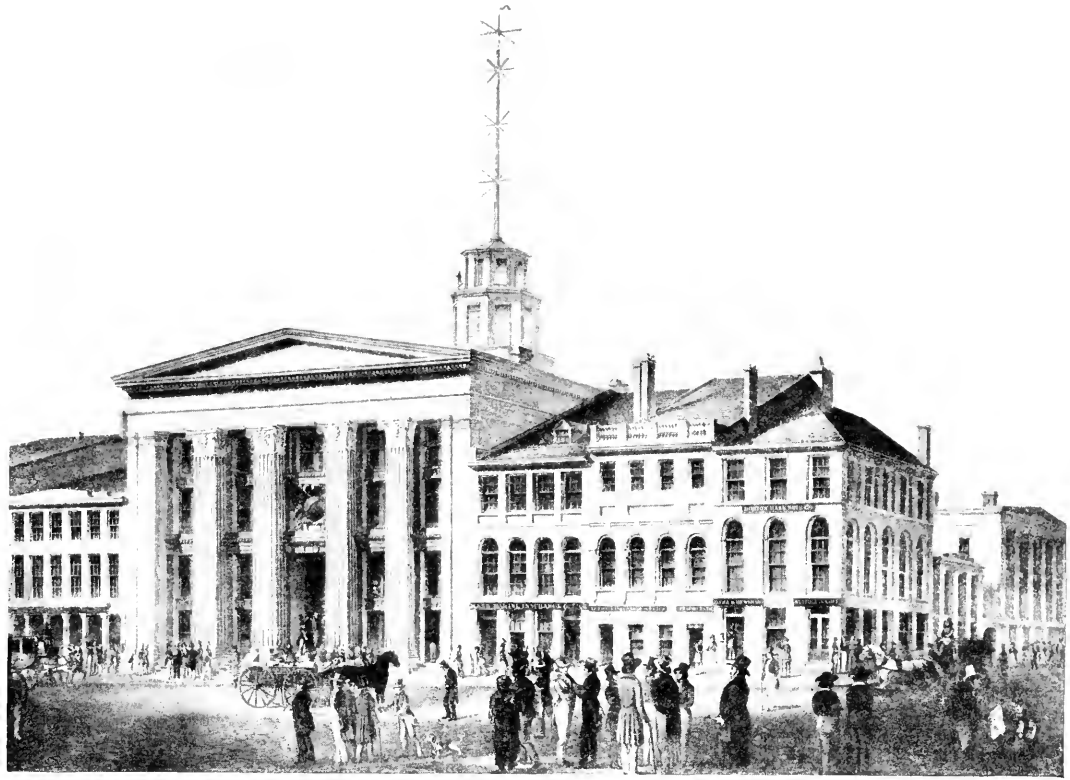
In February of this year the Company purchased the assets and good-will of the Paul Revere Trust Company, which gives the State Street Trust Company four offices: two down town, one at 33 State Street and the other at 50 Devonshire Street; and two in the Back Bay, the Copley Square Branch being located at 579 Boylston Street, and the Massachusetts Avenue office being situated at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street.



JOHN COGGAN was the first merchant in Boston, and his shop was on the northwest corner of State and Washington Streets. His stock consisted of general merchandise, and from this store really begins the trade of Boston. He took an active part in the politics of the town, serving at various times as selectman, constable, and juror. He also gave freely to Harvard College. It was in 1632 that he came to Dorchester from the "est of England, Devon," which was noted for its laces. A bill of lading, dated in 1650, shows that he received on the *Eagle* of London, George Raymond, master, £15 worth of haberdashery and "Crooked Lane ware," so named on account of the lane which was just below his store. In the same shipment he received ten dozen of shoes, worsted and woollen yarn valued at £5. He married the widow of Governor Winthrop, who died two years after Coggan, "not without suspicion of poison."

From the time this first store was opened Boston has been primarily a city of business men, so much so that Motley remarked that there ought to be a banner suspended on Castle Island bearing the words, "No admittance except on business."

Rev. John Wilson, who came over with Winthrop, and who was the first pastor of the Colony, preached in a rough, thatched-roof meeting-house, which was built in 1632 on the present site of the Brazer Building, on State Street. His place of residence was almost opposite, extending on both sides of Crooked Lane, which ran from State Street to Dock Square. This byway was later called Wilson's Lane, and it is now a part of Devonshire Street. The lane became noted for its eating-houses, and to it could be applied the lines of Tom Hood:—



THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BUILDING IN 1842

From a rare and original print in the bond room of the Boston Stock Exchange

"I've heard about a pleasant land where omelets grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out, 'Come eat us, if you please.'
My appetite is rather keen, but how shall I get there?
Straight down the Crooked Lane and all around the square."

To this first meeting-house came Governor Winthrop and Governor Dudley, and also John Cotton to preach. Services were at first announced by the beat of a drum, later on by blowing a shell or horn or by raising a flag over the roof.

John Wilson, previous to the building of his church on State Street, used to preach in Charlestown under a big tree. Some years later he established for himself the reputation of making the first "stump" speech in this part of the world. He delivered it from the bough of a tree and turned the scale in favor of Governor Winthrop's election.

When State Street was in its infancy, Sagamore John was a chief and ruled over thirty warriors. He was a good chief and a friend of the white people. When smallpox visited his settlement Mr. Wilson fought the disease with a devotion equalled only by that of Governor Winthrop himself. Finally Sagamore John himself lay in his wigwam dying.

"Now," said he, "I must die. The God of the English is very angry with me. He will destroy me. Ah! I was afraid of the scoffs of the wicked Indians. Yet my child shall live with the English, and learn to know their God when I am dead."

When he gave his boy into Mr. Wilson's care he said:

"Mr. Wilson is much good man and much love me."

The Indian lad was brought up in the minister's family.

Hawthorne gives of Wilson a word picture, in which he describes the minister visiting the sick by night. Hawthorne guides his steps with a lantern that throws fantastic shadows over the low buildings in State Street, and he pictures its rays as forming a halo, such as would bless a saint, above his head.

John Wilson was gentle and always cheerful. He was present once at a general muster of troops. A gentleman standing near by said to him: "Sir, I'll tell you a great thing! Here's a mighty body of people and there is not seven of them all who do not love Mr. Wilson!"

"Sir," instantly responded the minister, "I'll tell you as good a thing as that! Here's a mighty body of people and there is not so much as one of them all but Mr. Wilson loves him."

Another anecdote is told which well describes the man. Mather in his "Magnalia" says: "Divers times his house was destroyed by fire, which he bore with such a cheerful submission that when one met him on the road informing him, 'Sir, I have sad news for you; while you have been abroad your house is burnt,' his first answer was, 'Blessed be God; He has burnt this house because He intends to give me a better.'"

He died at the age of seventy-nine after serving the First Church of Boston for thirty-seven years.

In 1640 a new meeting-house was built on the land now occupied by the Joy Building on Washington Street, and here were heard the first church organ and the first meeting-house bell ever brought to Boston. John Joy purchased the property in 1808, and the church again moved to Chauncy Street. In 1868 the present building of the First Church was erected on the corner of Marlborough and Berkeley Streets, and the statue of John Winthrop just outside was placed there to commemorate one of the first parishioners of the old First Church on State Street.

It is related that on the 3d of August, 1632, a haughty Narragansett chief, called Miantonomo, appeared in the market-place on State Street accompanied by thirteen Indians, one of whom was a squaw. He was a powerful man among his people, who, it is said, trembled when he spoke. He was friendly toward the English and on this visit was entertained by the Governor. He went to church, but his men, not being inclined to listen to something which they did not understand, decided not to accompany their chief. They found the houses of the church-goers of much greater interest and amused themselves by breaking and stealing, for which offence it was ordered by the Governor that the offenders

KILLING OF MIANTONOMO
From "The History and Antiquities of Boston," by Samuel G. Drake

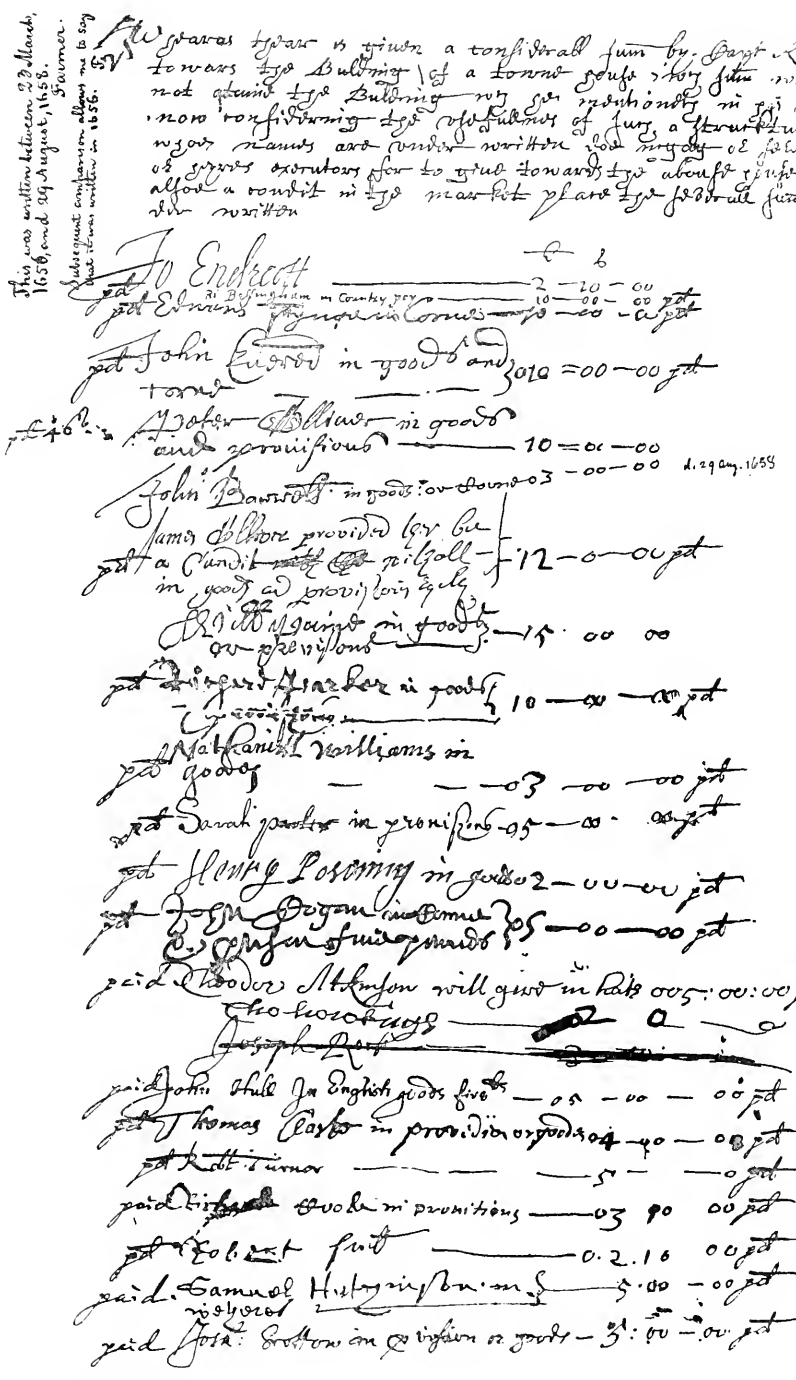
be whipped by one of their own tribe. This curious punishment was carried out.

In 1636 Governor Vane invited the Narragansett chief to come to Boston. Mr. Oldham had been murdered by the Indians, and things looked serious for both the red men and the whites. The Governor, with twenty musketeers, went to Roxbury to meet his guest and escorted him to town. The chieftain himself, with his council, dined with the Governor, his men being sent around to Cole's Inn on Merchants Row, near State Street, where they were fed sumptuously by "mine host." The Indians did not use chairs, but sat around in a circle on the floor with an iron pot of meat in the centre, into which they plunged their hands until they had had their fill.

A treaty was concluded on the same day between the Narragansett tribe and the English, which was faithfully kept by the Indians, though it was thought at the time that perhaps they did not understand the full meaning of it. After signing the treaty, Miantonomo and his retinue were formally escorted from town and "dismissed with a volley of shot." While in Boston the chief astonished every one "by his good understanding of justice and equality."

Several years later, Miantonomo was captured by Uncas, the leader of another tribe. The Commissioners of the united colonies, to whom his case was submitted, met in Boston, and, with the advice of the Elders, the most extraordinary vote was passed permitting Uncas to put his captive to death. As Miantonomo was being conducted through the woods, the brother of Uncas came up from behind and "clave his head with an hatchet." Thus, it was the English, not the Indians, who first broke the treaty made some years before.

The Selectmen of the town met on January 25, 1657, to consider Captain Robert Keayne's bequest of £300 to assist in building a Town House. A town meeting was held in March, at which Captain Thomas Savage, Anthony Stoddard, Jeremy Howchin, and Edward Hutchinson, Sr., were chosen a committee to take up the question of a Town House, to report on the most convenient situation, "to take the subscriptions of the inhabitants to propogate such a building and seasonably to make report to a public towne meeting." Subscription papers were circulated among the people, this most interesting list now



FIRST PAGE OF THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST BOSTON TOWN HOUSE

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST BOSTON TOWN HOUSE

John Endicott, Governor of the colony. Richard Bellingham, Deputy-Governor, and lawyer. Edward Tyng, brewer and merchant. John Evered, alias Webb, merchant. Peter Oliver, trader. John Barrell, cooper. James Oliver, merchant. William Paine, merchant. Richard Parker, merchant. Nathaniell Williams, glover. Sarah Parker, widow. Henry Powning, trader. John Coggan, merchant. Theodore Atkinson, feltmaker and hatter. Thomas Hawkins, shipwright. John Hull, silversmith. Thomas Clark, draper and merchant. Robert Turner, vintner and innholder. Richard Cooke, tailor. Robert Swift. (The identity of this person is in doubt.) Samuel Hutchinson, merchant. Joshua Scottow, merchant.

---

being in the possession of the Bostonian Society. A photograph of the first few signatures is shown on the opposite page. Governor John Endicott heads the subscription with a donation of £2 10*s*. in cash. The signature of Richard Bellingham, Deputy Governor, was inserted so as to have it follow John Endicott's. He made his subscription in country pay, wheat and barley being valued at 4*s*. 6*d*. per bushel, peas at 4*s*., rye at 3*s*., and Indian corn at 2*s*. 6*d*. The third autograph is that of Edward Tyng, a London merchant, who married the daughter of Francis Sears. John Evered is known to us only from the fact that he was a whaleman and met his death by being caught by the whale line and drowned. Peter Oliver was one of the founders of the Old South Church, and James Oliver owned a house and garden on State Street near the corner of Merchants Row. William Paine was a merchant of Ispwich, Mass., and owned an iron foundry at Saugus. Richard Parker had his home on Court Street, just east of the Old Court House. It is impossible to mention any more names on this list as they are too numerous. In all, about two hundred people responded to the appeals for money, provisions, labor, and material for the building of this first Town House, which, when finished, was described as "a wooden house built upon pillars," as shown on the following page.

A splendid reception awaited Governor Shirley when he returned to Boston in the *Massachusetts* frigate in November, 1745, after having successfully captured the strong French fortress of Louisburg. He spent the night at the "Castle" and was brought from

VIEW OF THE FIRST BOSTON TOWN HOUSE DRAWN FROM THE BUILDER'S SPECIFICATIONS

Courtesy of J. H. Benton

there to Long Wharf, now the lower end of State Street, in the Castle barge, amid continuous salutes. As he and his retinue landed, more salutes rang forth from all the vessels in the harbour, and crowds of joyful citizens were on hand to welcome him. On the wharf were assembled His Majesty's Council, the Speaker of the House, magistrates and gentlemen and merchants of the town. A regiment of militia, under Colonel Jacob Wendell, a troop of horse, under Colonel Estes Hatch, and the Cadets, under Colonel Benjamin Pollard, were drawn up along King Street, and the bells of the town rang forth as the Governor and his officers marched past. An illumination and fireworks during the evening ended the festivities.

General Pepperell, the commander of the expedition, returned some months later and met with a similar reception, being escorted up State Street to the Town House, where addresses were delivered by some of the Representatives. He stayed in Boston only a short time, going from here to his seat at Kittery, Maine. Almost the only account that can be found of his march up State Street is in an old scrap book of the time and reads as follows: "Massachusetts gave

THE LOUISBURG CROSS

Brought back from the capture of Louisburg by the Massachusetts troops in 1745. It is now in the possession of Harvard University and is in the treasure room of the college library.

Pepperell, the hero of Louisburg, an ovation of such splendor that it seemed entirely out of proportion to the number of inhabitants; State Street was a tumult of display and excitement."

The victors brought back with them a relic known as the Louisburg Cross, which is supposed to have been taken from the parish church of the Recollets. It is now owned by Harvard University, but, curiously enough, it has never been discovered how it came into the possession of the College. It was first placed in the library in Harvard Hall, but when Gore Hall was built it was removed to a building which was erected behind the Charles River National Bank to exhibit the Panorama of Athens, a gift to the College by Theodore Lyman. This structure was burned, but the Cross by good luck was rescued and placed in Gore Hall. Here it remained for some time in the cellar, finally being taken, in the year 1877, from its unattractive surroundings by the librarian, Mr. Winsor, who removed it to a gable over one of the doors of the hall, as shown in the picture on page 15. In October, 1895, it was stolen, undoubtedly by a member of one of the secret societies. So securely had it been fastened to the stonework that it had to be wrenched and twisted until it finally broke off. Not a word was heard about it for over two years, when one morning as the assistant librarian, Mr. Kiernan, was entering the hall he saw the missing Cross lying on the roof near the place from which it was stolen. The singular part of this restoration is that the Boston *Record* published an article giving the news of its return one day before the Cross was discovered by Mr. Kiernan. In 1912 Mr. Samuel Hammond, the chairman of the Society of Colonial Wars, was instrumental in having it placed in the college library with a suitably inscribed tablet, both of which can be seen now in the Widener building.

The expedition against Louisburg has been called an "uncommonly rash adventure"; nevertheless, it turned out most successfully, and every one connected with it, from the Governor down to the private soldier, was the recipient of congratulations. An address was presented to the Governor, "signed by seventy of the principal Gentlemen, Merchants and Traders," complimenting him upon the capture of the citadel. He was also referred to as "the projector of the late happy expedition," and his "zeal and vigilance" were especially mentioned. Governor Shirley's reply was most modest, claiming only "a desire for the welfare and prosperity of the Province in gen-

eral, and the Town of Boston in particular." The Rev. Thomas Prince preached a sermon of jubilation at the Old South Church not long after, and almost in the midst of the rejoicing word was received through a fisherman that the French fleet under the Duke d'Anville was approaching the harbour with orders to burn and destroy Boston. Great were the preparations made to defend the town; ten thousand men journeyed long distances to take up arms, and the Governor ordered Castle William strengthened and the harbour fortified. Troops were seen in daily drills on the Common, which became a military camp, and at night camp-fires blazed on many of the hills. Business came to an end, every one having only one concern, that of repelling the invader. The alarm soon died away, for nearly all the French ships of war were destroyed by tempests on their way to Boston, and the commander is said to have committed suicide. The following verses by Longfellow describing this event—so fortunate for Bostonians—may prove interesting. The author portrays the Rev. Thomas Prince as repeating them to his congregation.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

October, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*

A fleet with flags arrayed
  Sailed from the Port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
  The signal, "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral d'Anville
  Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
  Our helpless Boston town.

There were rumors in the street,
  In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
  And the danger hovering near;
And while from mouth to mouth
  Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
  Saying humbly, "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

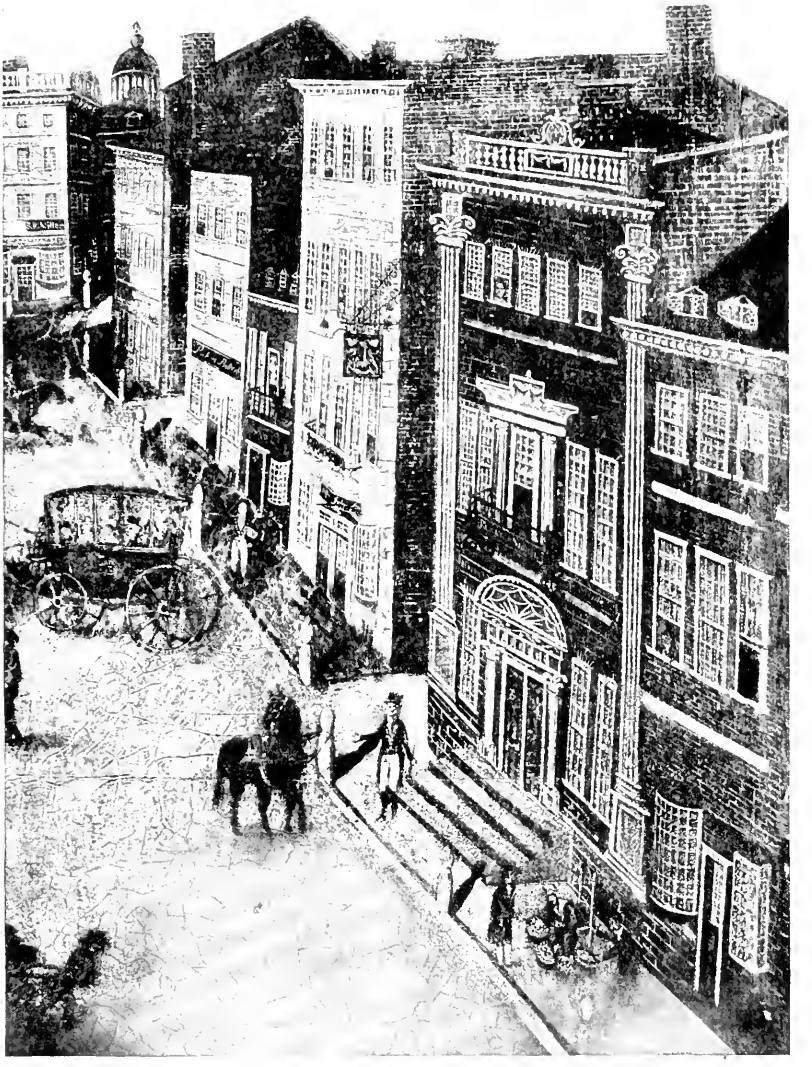
This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame;
And even as I prayed,
The answering tempest came,—
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower
As it tolls at funerals.

. . . . . .

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah! never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!

The first play acted in Boston caused a riot, and many of the spectators spent that night in the town jail. Most of Boston wanted to witness the performance, and as the seating capacity of the British Coffee House on King Street, now State Street, was very limited,



BRITISH COFFEE HOUSE ON STATE STREET

Is the Building in foreground. In it the first play in Boston was acted, and here James Otis was assaulted. From a painting in the Massachusetts Historical Society

only those who were the strongest could gain admittance. This Coffee House is shown on the preceding page.

Cotton Mather, as early as 1686, in an article which he wrote against "Profane and Superstitious Customs," said, "There is much discourse now of beginning stage plays in New England." It was, however, not until 1750 that this first play, called the "Orphan or Unhappy Marriage," was given. It was acted by two Englishmen and some volunteers. The result was the almost immediate passage of "An Act to Prevent Stage Plays and Other Theatrical Entertainments." The framers of this law believed that plays "occasioned unnecessary expenses, discouraged industry," and increased "immorality, impiety and a contempt for religion." A fine was imposed on the owner of the premises used for any such purpose and upon the actors or spectators, if more than twenty persons were assembled together. This law did not prevent small private entertainments, which in the early days were called "discourses," and which were held quite frequently.

The next attempt at a public performance was the "Blockade of Boston," written by General John Burgoyne, in the endeavor to impress his men with contempt for American soldiery. The play was produced at Faneuil Hall, in January, 1776, when the General was in Boston. A caricature of George Washington had just come upon the stage, carrying an old rusty sword, when a sergeant rushed in and announced that the Yankees were attacking their works on Bunker Hill. The audience believed this to be a part of the show, but when the order was given to the officers to go to their posts, they began to realize that it was indeed the truth. There was a rush to escape, women fainted, and the performance came to an abrupt end. Such was the result of the second attempt.

A bill to allow plays was introduced in 1791, but did not pass, whereupon a number of influential men determined to erect a theatre to test the law. A building was erected in Board Alley, now Hawley Street, which was then filled with mud and livery stables. This "New Exhibition Room" was opened on August 1, 1792, under the direction of a Mr. Joseph Harper, who was arrested after the performance.

The Federal Street Theatre, or Boston Theatre as it was called, was the first regular theatre built in the city. It stood on the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. It was opened February 3, 1794, and from this date the history of the drama in Boston really begins.

The Street Leading from Cornhill
including y^e^ wayes on each side
of y^e^ side of y^e^ Town House extending easterly to y^e^ sea. . . . . .
King Street

A number of British ships of war arrived in Boston Harbour on Friday, September 30, 1768, and on board were the 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple; the 29th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Carr; a part of the 59th, under Captain Wilson, and a company of artillery with two field-pieces.

The next day at noon the troops landed at Long Wharf and marched up King Street to the Common, where the 29th regiment encamped. There was a building near the Common which Colonel Dalrymple tried to procure for his troops, but a shrewd patriot, surmising the plan, had hired the whole building, which under no circumstances would he sub-let. There was no provision made for the 14th until evening, when, after a long wait, they were admitted to Faneuil Hall. By Sunday night the 14th regiment had enlarged its quarters by camping in the Town House. The detachment of the 59th found shelter in stores on Griffin's Wharf, which lodgings, however, were not permanent. The occupation of the public buildings was an indignity the citizens of Boston could not forgive.

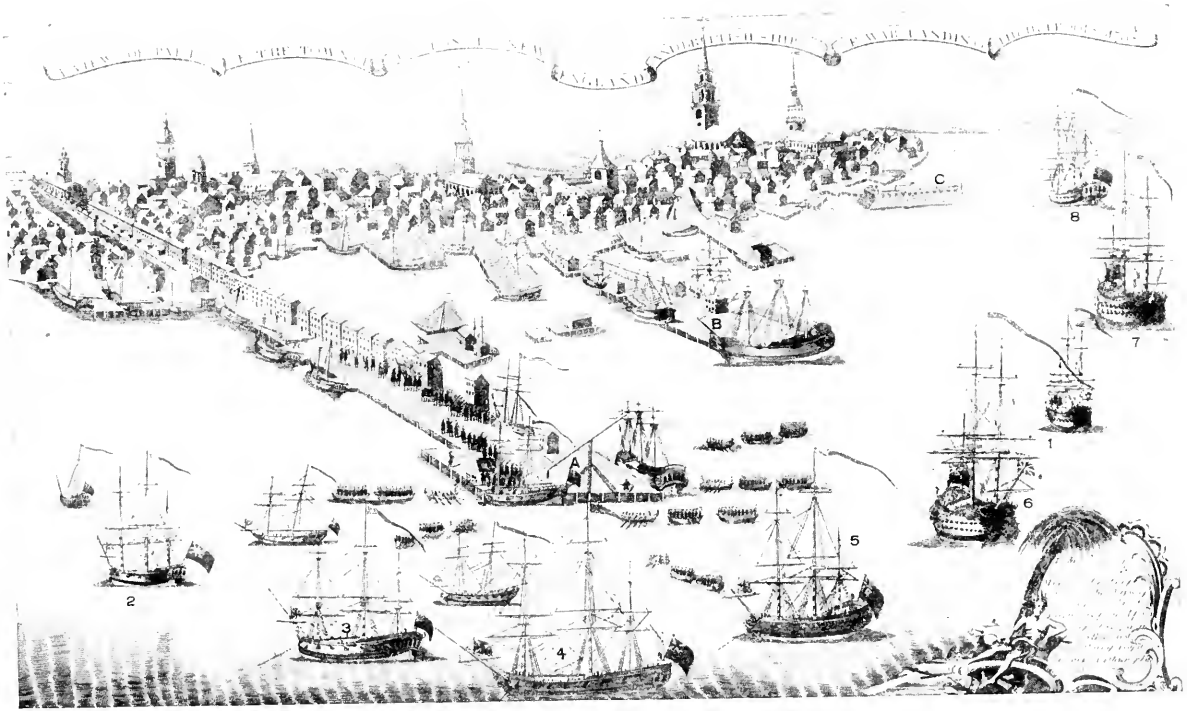
The following account of the landing is taken from Deacon Tudor's diary:

"At aboute 1 O'clock Satterday all the Troops Landed under cover of the Cannon of the Ships of War; The troops drew up in King Street and marched off in a Short time into the Common with Muskets charged, Bayonets fixed (perhaps Expecting to have met with resestance as the Soldiers afterwards told the inhabitants) their Colours flying, Drums beating & museck playing, In short they made a gallant appearance, makeing with the Train of Artillery about 800 Men."

Another account reads as follows:— .

"So that now we See Boston Surrounded with about 14 Ships, or Vessells of war. The greatest perade perhaps ever seen in the Harbour of Boston."

1 Beaver
2 Senegal
3 Martin
4 Glasgow
5 Mermaid
6 Romney



7 Launceston
8 Bonetta
A Long Wharf
B Hancock's Wharf
C North Battery

A REPRODUCTION OF PAUL REVERE'S PRINT OF "THE LANDING OF THE BRITISH IN 1768"

"On fryday Sept.r 30th, 1768, the Ships of WAR, armed Schooners, Transports, &c. Came up the Harbour and Anchored round the TOWN; their Cannon loaded, a Spring on their Cables, as for a regular Siege. At noon on Saturday October the 1st, the fourteenth & twenty-ninth Regiments, a detachment from the 59th Regt. and Train of Artillery, with two peices of Cannon, landed on the Long Wharf; there Formed and Marched with insolent Parade, Drums beating, Fifes playing, and Colours flying, up KING STREET, Each Soldier having received 16 rounds of Powder and Ball." Print dedicated to the Earl of Hillsborough, His Majesty's Secretary of State for America. Illustration made from print in the Copley Square Branch of the State Street Trust Company.

The gaudy red uniforms of the soldiers drew forth an "indignant admiration" and also resulted in a pun from the Rev. Mather Byles. He said that the people had sent over to England to obtain a redress of grievances and that these grievances had returned *red-dressed.*

Long Wharf was merely an extension of State Street, about one thousand feet into the sea, and one side was lined with shops and warehouses. It is described as "a noble Pier—with a row of warehouses on the North Side for the use of Merchants—From the head of the pier you go up the chief Street of the Town."

James Otis, a member of the famous Whig Club, was an eloquent champion of liberty in Revolutionary days. Writer, orator, patriot, he rose to distinction as an earnest champion of his country's rights. In the summer of 1769 he attacked some revenue officers in the *Boston Gazette.*

A few evenings later, as he was sitting in the British Coffee House, a man named Captain Robinson, who was Commissioner of Customs, entered and began conversation with him. An argument ensued, which became more and more heated. Finally Otis suggested that they retire to another room and settle the matter in a less public place between themselves. Robinson said:—

"What satisfaction do you expect me to give?"

"A gentleman's satisfaction," replied Otis.

"I am ready to do it," said Robinson.

"Then come along with me."

And Otis led the way from the room.

As they were going through a door leading into an entry Robinson seized Otis by the nose. Otis defended himself with his cane. Robinson accordingly fought with a stick which he carried in his hand. Blows fell thick and fast between the two men, until they discarded their weapons and resorted to fists—freely. A crowd gathered—nearly all men from the army, navy and revenue—and naturally belonging, as did Robinson, to the king's own, they took his part against Otis. Otis did not get fair play. He was struck with cutlasses, canes, and everything available which the mob could pick up and throw.

"Kill him! Kill him!" they cried.

The result of the attack might have been fatal, had not John Gridley been passing the Coffee House at the time when the thick of the fight was on. He looked in at the window, decided that Otis was getting the worst of the fray, and immediately entered the room.

"It's a dirty usage to treat a man in that manner," said he, and threw himself between Otis and Robinson. He said he felt some one pull him by the right shoulder just as he gripped Robinson's collar. In the struggle that followed, Gridley ripped Robinson's coat quite down to the pockets. After that he received two blows on the head, the blood which flowed from his wounds blinded him, and in groping about to strike the person who had thus wounded him he received a blow on the wrist which broke it. He was then thrown out of the room. When he returned it was with a stout stick. He met Otis running toward the door.

"I will defend you," said Gridley.

"I am much obliged to you," replied Otis.

Some one told Otis to go and get his wounds dressed, which he did.

"I heard divers voices," said Gridley, "a moment later, call 'Kill him! Kill him!'"

From the severe wounds which Otis received he never recovered. His reason rapidly forsook him. He obtained a court judgment for £2,000 against Robinson for the attack, but when the penitent officer made a written apology, Otis with great magnanimity refused to take a penny. He withdrew to the country in 1770 and resumed the practice of law in Boston only for a short time. During the attack on Bunker Hill his patriotism again showed itself, and borrowing a musket he appeared with the American troops on the scene of the battle and did his share in the day's work. He was killed at Andover in 1783 by a stroke of lightning.

Boston Gazette,

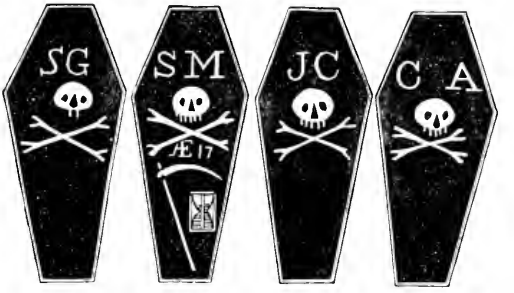
September 11, 1769.

ADVERTISEMENT

From a regard to *truth*, and to the *character* of a true *soldier*, whose *honor*, is ever, *justly dearer* to him than *life:* It is with pleasure I take this first opportunity *voluntarily* and *freely* to DECLARE, in the most *open* and *unreserved* as well as *public manner*, that in the *premeditated*, *cowardly* and *villainous* attempt of *John Robinson*, *Commissioner*, and his *confederates*, last week, to assassinate me, I have not the least reason to *think*, or even *suspect*, that

any *officer* or *officers*, either of the *army* or *navy*, were *directly* or *indirectly* concerned in so *foul a deed*, except *a well known petty commander* of an armed *schooner*, of about 4 *Swivels*, who, if same for once tells the truth, swore last year that this whole *Continent* was in open *Rebellion*.

JAMES OTIS.



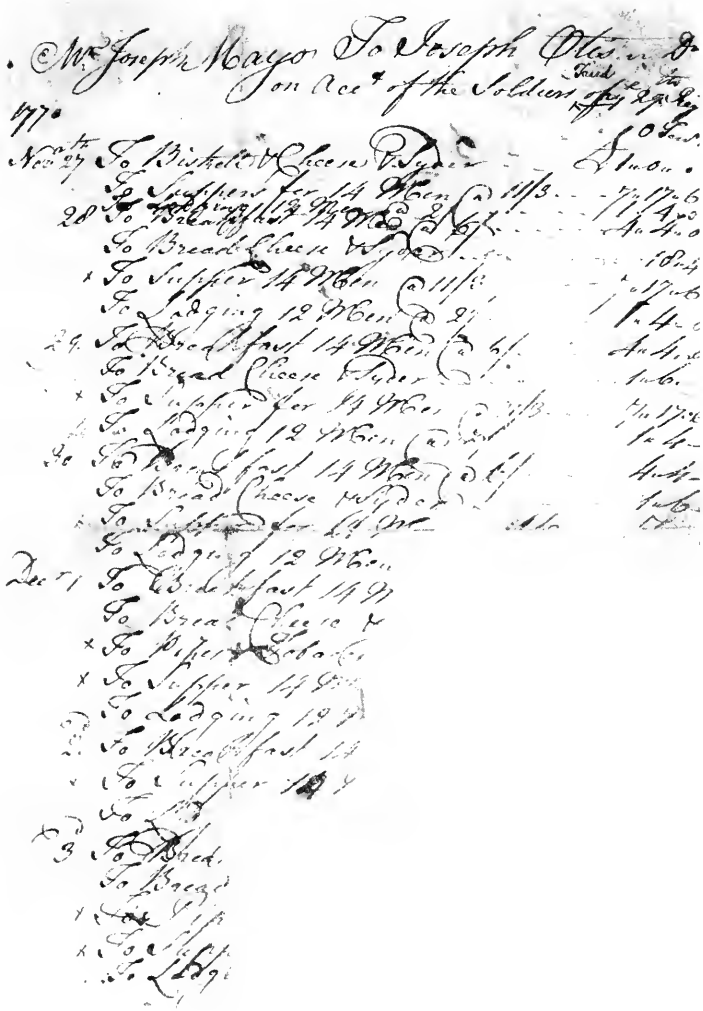
BOSTON MASSACRE COFFINS; BOSTON, MARCH, 1774.—FROM "AMERICAN HISTORICAL RECORD."

The initials on the coffins stand for Samuel Gray, Samuel Maverick, James Caldwell, and Crispus Attucks

"Well-fated shades! let no unmanly tear
From pity's eye disdain your honored bier;
Lost to their view, surviving friends may mourn,
Yet o'er thy pile celestial flames shall burn.
Long as in freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
How Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

Fleet's Post, March 12, 1770.

The funeral procession of the four men slain during the "Boston Massacre" was formed near the place where the event occurred, at the head of King Street, now State Street. The body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto, and that of James Caldwell, a non-resident of Boston, were placed in Faneuil Hall awaiting burial; the remains of Samuel Maverick, who was only seventeen years old, lay in his mother's house on Union Street, and those of Samuel Gray, at Benjamin Gray's, his brother's, in Royal Exchange Lane. The four coffins, bearing the inscriptions "Emblems of Mortality," were brought to King Street



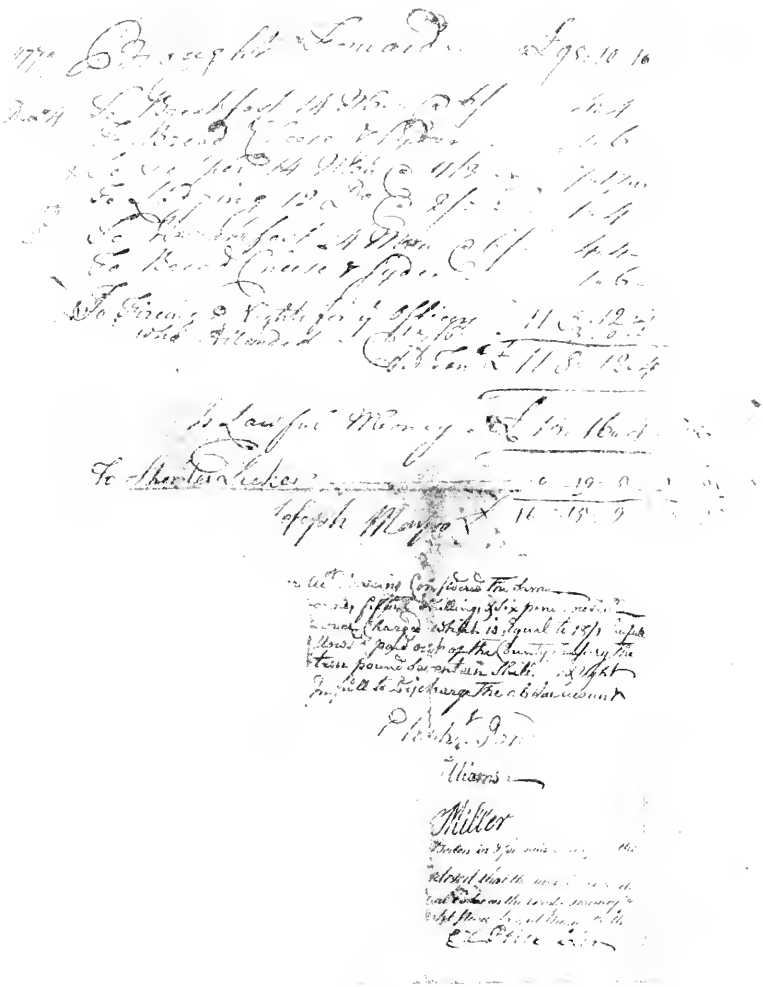
FIRST PAGE OF THE BOARD BILL OF THE JURY THAT TRIED THE BRITISH SOLDIERS AFTER THE BOSTON MASSACRE

From the original in the possession of John Noble, Esq.

Mr. Joseph Mayo To Joseph Otis Dr
on Acct of the Soldiers Tried of ye 29th Regt

1770			o Tenr—
Nov. 27th	To Biskett & Cheese & Syder	. . . . .	£1 " o "
	To Suppers for 14 Men @ 11/3	. . . . .	7 " 17 " 6
	To Lodging 12 Men @ 2/	. . . . .	1 " 4 " o
28	To Breakfast 14 Men @ 6/	. . . . .	4 " 4 " o
	To Bread Cheese & Syder	. . . . .	18 " 4
×	To Supper 14 Men @ 11/3	. . . . .	7 " 17 " 6
	To Lodging 12 Men @ 2/	. . . . .	1 " 4 " o
29	To Breakfast 14 Men @ 6/	. . . . .	4 " 4 " o
	To Bread, Cheese & Syder	. . . . .	1 " 6 " –
×	To Supper for 14 Men @ 11/3	. . . . .	7 " 17 " 6
	To Lodging 12 Men @ 2/	. . . . .	1 " 4 —
30	To Breakfast 14 Men @ 6/	. . . . .	4 " 4 —
	To Bread Cheese & Syder	. . . . .	1 " 6 —
	To Supper for 14 M [	] 1/3	[ ]
	To Lodging 12 Men [	]	[ ]
Dec. 1	To Breakfast 14 M [	]	[ ]
	To Bread Cheese & [	]	[ ]
×	To Pipes & Tobacco [	]	[ ]
×	To Supper 14 M [	]	[ ]
6d	To Lodging 12 M [	]	[ ]
2	To Breakfast 14 [	]	[ ]
×	To Supper 14 M [	]	[ ]
	To Lod [	]	[ ]
3d	To Brea [	]	[ ]
	To Bread [	]	[ ]
×	To Pip [	]	[ ]
×	To Supp [	]	[ ]
	To Lodg [	]	[ ]

TRANSCRIPTION OF BOARD BILL ON OPPOSITE PAGE



SECOND PAGE OF BOARD BILL

1770	Brought Forward	£95 : 10 : 10
Decr 4	To Breakfast 14 Men @ 6/	4 " 4 —
	To Bread Cheese & Syder	1 " 6
×	To Supper 14 Men @ 11/3	7 " 17 " 6
	To Lodging 12 Do @ 2/	1 " 4 —
5	To Breakfast 14 Men @ 6/	4 " 4 —
	To Bread Cheese & Syder	1 " 6 —
	To Fireing 8 Nights for ye officers	115 : 12 : 4
	who Attended @ 7/6	3 " 0 —
	old Tenr	£118 " 12 " 4
	Is Lawful Money	£15 " 16 " 4
	To Sperites Licker	0 = 19 = 5
	Joseph Mayo	£16 = 15 = 9

[ ] r Act haveing Considered the Same
[ ] pounds fifteen Shillings & Six pence old Tenr—
[ ] over Charged which is Equal to 18/1d lawfull
[ ] llowd & paid out of the County Treasury the
[ ] teen pound Seventeen Shillings & Eight
[ ] In full to Discharge the above acount

Elipht. Pond
[ ] illiams—
[ ] Miller

Boston in & for said County on the
[ ] rdered that the same be and hereby
[ ] ual Order on the County Treasury for
[ ] ight pence Lawful Money to the

Ez. Price Cler

[Filed] Makoas Account 1770

TRANSCRIPTION OF SECOND PAGE OF BOARD BILL

and placed each inside of a hearse. The people of Boston, with the consent of the parents and friends of the victims, had requested that the funeral be made a public one, in order that the citizens of the town could better express their grief. Most of the stores were closed, and it was ordered that the bells should be tolled not only in Boston, but in Charlestown, Cambridge, and Roxbury. Later in the afternoon the procession was formed six deep, and, followed by many carriages containing the principal people of the town, it began to move towards the Granary Burying-ground, where all of the four bodies were buried in one vault in the middle of the cemetery.

The *Boston Gazette*, printed a few days later, stated "That there must have been a greater number of people from town and country at the funeral of those who were massacred by the soldiers, than were ever together on this continent on any occasion." In another place the same paper in describing the funeral said that "the aggravated circumstances of their death, the distress and sorrow visible in every countenance, together with the peculiar solemnity with which the whole funeral was conducted, surpass description."

The illustrations on the previous pages are taken from the original Board Bill, which was furnished by the keeper of the jail to the jury that sat in the trial of the British soldiers who took part in the riot on King Street in 1770. The original is now in the possession of John Noble, Esq., through whose kindness this photograph was taken and through whom this information was obtained. This bill includes an itemized account of the expenses incurred by the Government in boarding the jurymen. From a torn and tattered brown sheet of paper the items may be deciphered, and it seems that the jury partook of no great variety of viands, the staple articles of their bill of fare being mostly "Bread, Cheese & Syder."

The bill—the first of its kind to be incurred in Boston—is made out to the foreman of the jury and begins: "Mr. Joseph Mayo to Joseph Otis Dr. on Acc't of the Soldiers Tried of ye 29th Reg't." Eliphalet Pond, Joseph Williams, and Ebenezer Miller, who were "three of the Justices of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace," approved the bill, and "the order of the Court for its payment out of the Country Treasury" is signed by Ezekial Price, the Clerk of the Court.

How this old bill came to light is interesting. It was found among the papers called "The Suffolk Files," which were done up in bundles

and boxes and stowed away in the old Court House building, once located where the new part of City Hall now stands. Tradition claims that many of these old papers were used for bedding by the British soldiers. Mr. John Noble's father, who finally collected the files and sorted them, found that many extraneous papers had slipped in, and among them was the Board Bill.

This old Board Bill has interest, not only because it is the first of its kind to be contracted in Boston, but because of the perplexing problem that lies back of it. There arose many questions as to how the jury was to be kept together during the trials of unprecedented length, and the old bill itself is ample evidence of how the problem was solved and how the jurymen were housed and fed until they were discharged.

A large part of the romance of the Massacre is dispelled when one realizes that the mob which caused the row was nothing more than a crowd of street hoodlums attacking the British sentries, who could not retaliate without risking a court martial.

Governor Bernard and others in sympathy with the King's cause continually referred to Samuel Adams and other revolutionists as worthy of "strong halters, firm blocks and sharp axes." Adams's energy and persistence just after the Massacre resulted in the withdrawing from the town of two regiments by Colonel Dalrymple. Lord North was so disgusted that a mere citizen could accomplish such a result that he referred to them as "Sam Adams's Regiments."

On the morning after the Massacre the Boston patriots, with revenge in their hearts and on their lips, dispersed to their homes, meeting shortly afterwards in Faneuil Hall. There was just one thing to do, and that was to ask Governor Hutchinson to remove the regiments. A committee of fifteen was appointed, and they repaired to the Old State House, where they met the Lieutenant-Governor and his council. There was a quiet, determined dignity in the demand of the patriots; there was vacillation and evasion on the part of the representative of the Crown, and the meeting was not at all satisfactory. There was something mentioned about having no power to remove the troops, and it was also suggested that one regiment be sent away. The committee returned to the meeting and reported that they could obtain

the consent of the Governor to remove only one regiment. As with one voice, the people shouted, "BOTH REGIMENTS OR NONE!"

Seven of the original committee again repaired to the Council Chamber at the Old State House. They were John Hancock, Samuel Adams, William Molineux, William Phillips, Joseph Warren, Joshua Henshaw, and Samuel Pemberton, with instructions to insist upon "Both regiments or none!" Multitudes greeted them as they came from the church. "Both regiments or none!" repeated Sam Adams as, with bared head, he passed through the three thousand who stood behind him and his committee.

Evening was approaching, and shadows hung about the portals of the Old State House, while glowing hearths inside shot their reddish rays on the paintings of Charles II and of James II that hung on the walls. There were less noticeable pictures of Belcher, Bradstreet, Endicott, and Winthrop. There were also in waiting the councillors, clad in gold and in silver and in lace, and with pretentious wigs, while near them stood the British soldiers in scarlet. Into this chamber the patriots entered.

Suavely, Hutchinson spoke:—

"The troops," he said, "are not subject to my authority. I have no power to remove them." He then mentioned something about removing one regiment.

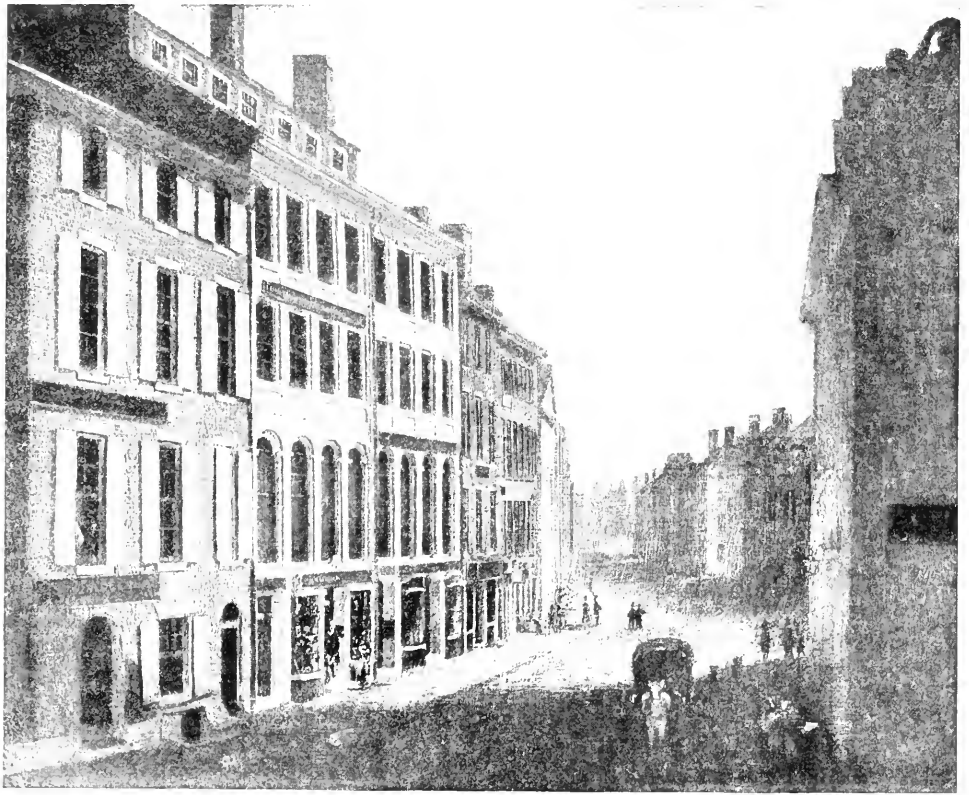
Sternly, Sam Adams replied:—

"If you have the power," he said, "to remove *one* regiment, you have the power to remove *both*. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are becoming impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighbors and the whole country is in motion. An immediate answer is expected. *Both regiments or none!*"

Adams saw Hutchinson's knees tremble and his face grow pale. He waited grimly for the word that the regiments—both regiments—would be removed.

Back of the arm that Sam Adams had raised to the Lieutenant-Governor and to Colonel Dalrymple, was the force of waiting thousands. The favorable reply came, and the committee reported the news to the people, who were overjoyed to see the English troops leave the town.

They had come—these regiments that have gone down in history as "Sam Adams's"—and thrust their unwelcome presence on the



STATE STREET IN 1825

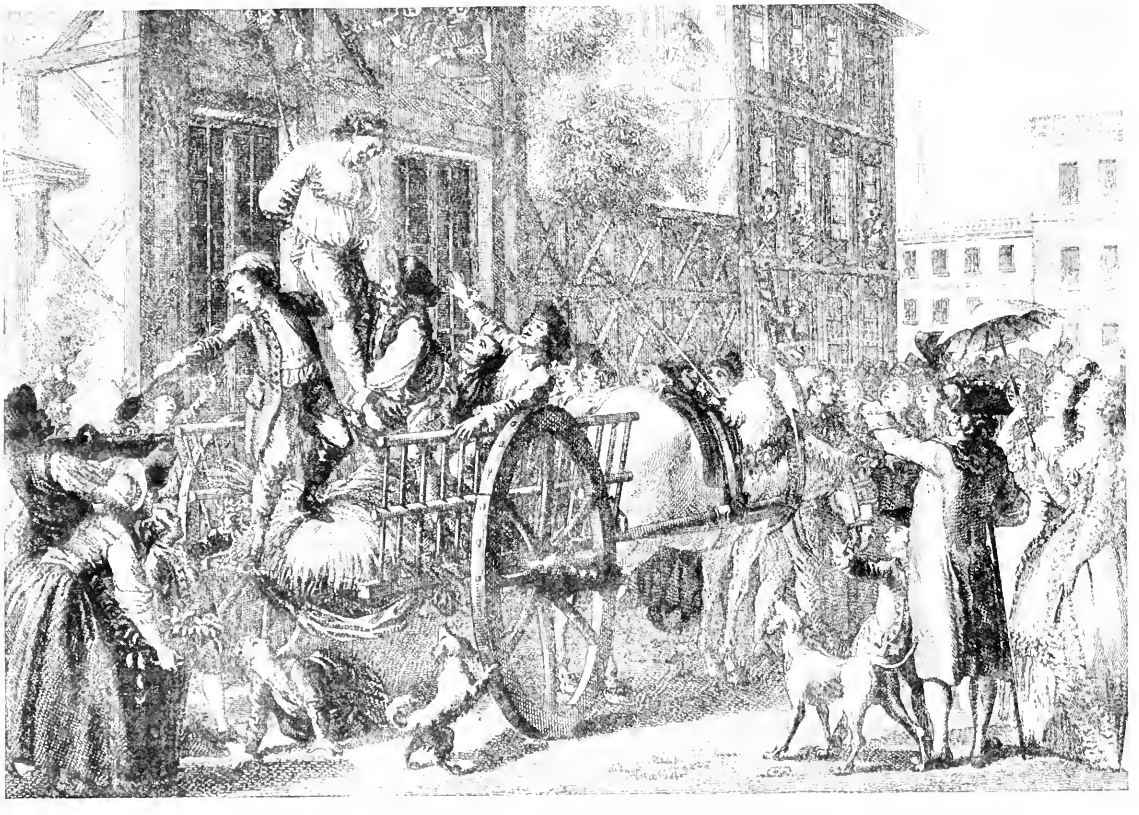
From Washington Street, showing Old State House on right. From a painting owned by the Bostonian Society

patriots. They went—fourteen days after Samuel Adams demanded they be removed.

As Adams was walking home that same evening, it is narrated that he met the Rev. Mather Byles, a Tory and the wit of the town, who asked him why he wouldn't be just as pleased to be ruled by one tyrant three thousand miles away as by three thousand tyrants only a mile away.

The children took great delight in watching the red-coats while they were here and were undoubtedly sorry to have them go. When Washington was in Boston he asked a child which soldiers she liked the best—the English or the Yankees. She replied that she preferred the red-coats, whereupon Washington is quoted as saying, "Yes, my dear, they look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting."

John Malcolm was one of the English tax collectors and, therefore, brought upon himself the wrath of the colonists. His career had been a checkered one, and before he had been in Boston very long the citizens decided to treat him to a coat of tar and feathers, which was called at that time the "new punishment." The quarrel began by his threatening a boy who had run into him with a sled. Thereupon, Hewes, a citizen of the town, called Malcolm to account for his treatment of the Boston lad. The argument became heated, and Hewes threw a parting verbal shot by taunting Malcolm with having been tarred and feathered when in Maine a short time before. Malcolm then struck Hewes. The news spread like wild-fire, and the townspeople promptly gathered in front of the tax collector's house and attempted to force an entrance. Malcolm resisted and wounded with his sword several of those trying to enter. The mob then dispersed like a whirlwind to Henchman's Wharf, where they procured tar and two cases of feathers. They returned to Malcolm's house, pulled him out of the window into a cart, as shown in the cut on the opposite page, and then gave him a coat of tar and feathers. They took him to the Custom House on King Street, where they flogged him severely, and after a four hours' journey around Boston with repeated floggings, he was brought home more dead than alive. Either the



JOHN MALCOLM, ROYAL CUSTOMS OFFICER, SEIZED BY THE BOSTON MOB IN 1774

Drawn and engraved by F. Godefroy of the Imperial and Royal Academy of Vienna, etc.

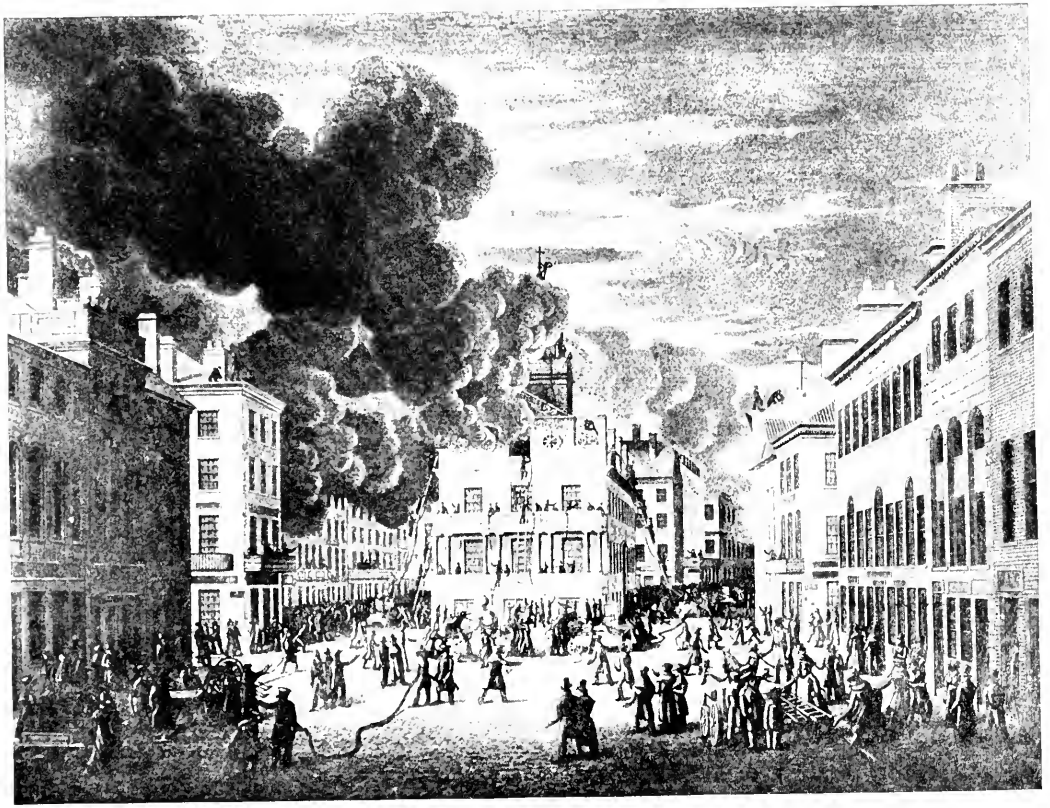
tar and feathers, or the frost, or both produced a skin affection for the cure of which Malcolm spent some time in England, trying the while to obtain redress. The Revolution broke out while he was still airing his troubles, and he died in London without having settled his case.

"Thus ends royal authority in this State.
And all the people shall say Amen."
Letters of Abigail Adams to John Adams.

Most of the inhabitants of Boston put on their best attire and went to church on Thursday morning, July 18, 1776, although many had to stay at home on account of smallpox. Those who went to church drifted, after a good sermon, to crowded King Street and the Town House to hear read the Declaration of Independence. There was excitement everywhere, infantry lining the streets and artillery being drawn up in front of the jail. Just as the clock struck one, Colonel Thomas Crafts appeared on the balcony of the Town House and read to the great audience the Declaration of Independence. "God save our American States!" Outside, from street to street, loud cheers were given again and again, the roar of cannon swept Boston Harbour from fort to fort, and the clash of musketry and bells reverberated through Boston town. Independence had been declared! Then, on a given signal, thirteen pieces of cannon were fired from the fort on Fort Hill and from the fortifications on Dorchester Neck and the Castle. Nantasket and Point Allerton likewise discharged their cannon thirteen times, the number thirteen corresponding, of course, to the number of the American states united. The ceremony was closed with a collation to the Gentlemen in the Council Chamber, during which many toasts were given by the President of the Council and heartily pledged by those present.

On the same evening, the King's arms, and every sign and any resemblance of it, whether Lion and Crown, Pestle and Mortar, Heart and Crown, etc., together with every sign that belonged to a Tory, were taken down and burned in a huge conflagration on King Street, and in order to encourage the mob to do its worst it is said that a great deal of wine was distributed on this evening.

While the Declaration was being signed in Philadelphia, it may be



THE FIRE IN THE ROOF OF THE OLD STATE HOUSE ABOUT 1832

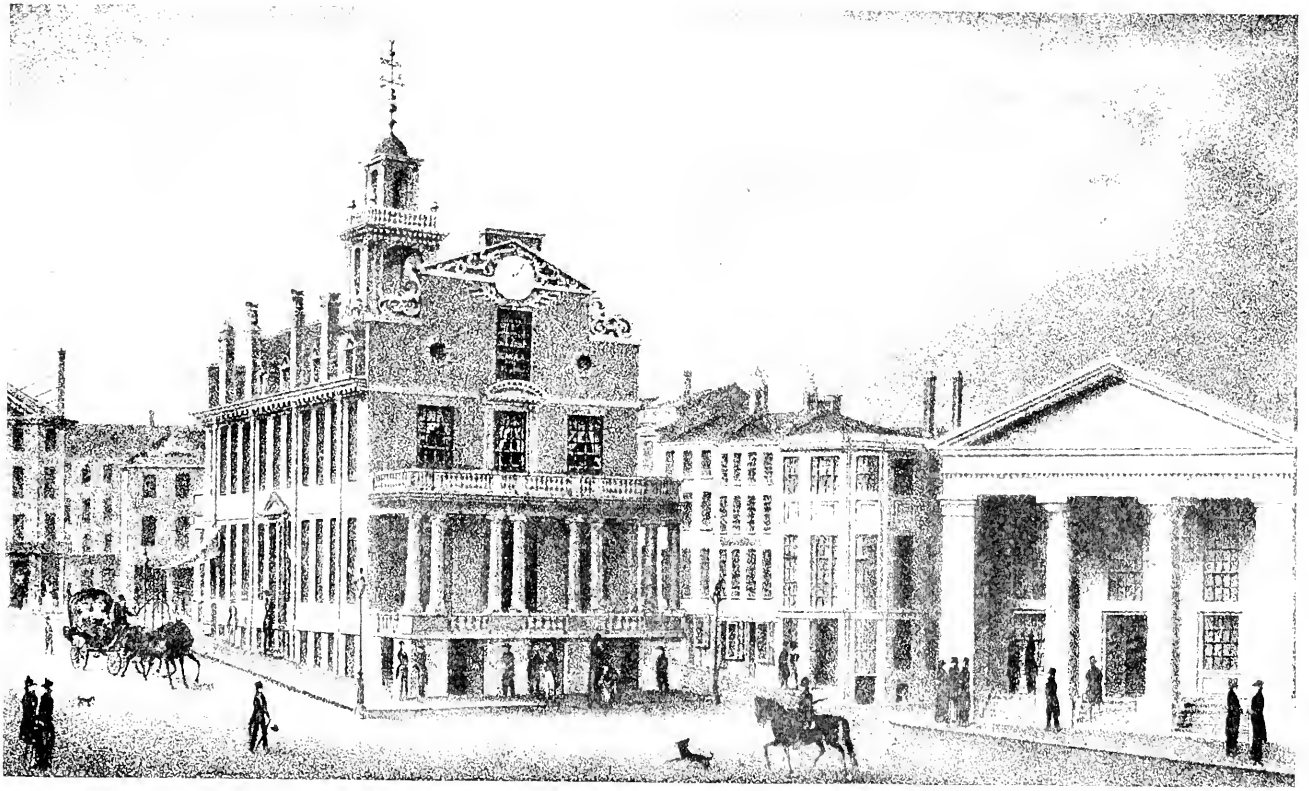
From a fire department certificate of the City of Boston, issued February 15, 1833

interesting to recall the remark attributed to Benjamin Franklin. As one of the signers was about to affix his name he said, "Now we must all hang together."—"Or we shall all hang separately," retorted Franklin.

One of the most unusual events that ever took place in Boston was the open air banquet which was held on January 24, 1793. The celebration was given in honor of the French Revolution, the news of which had been received with much satisfaction some time before, and the culmination of the people's rejoicing showed itself in this original manner. January was not a very propitious season for an outdoor entertainment, but the enthusiasm was warm enough to make up for the low temperature.

An ox weighing one thousand pounds was roasted whole on Copps Hill, and its horns having been gilded, it was raised upon a car twenty feet high and was drawn by fifteen horses through the principal streets of the city "as a peace offering to Liberty and Equality." Two hogsheads of punch, each drawn by six horses, and a cartload of eight hundred loaves of bread came next, followed by many celebrators. The procession passed by Liberty "Stump," where Liberty Tree stood before it was cut down, then marched past the residences of Hancock and Adams, who were the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, finally coming to a halt on State Street. Here a table was laid out extending from the Old State House almost to Kilby Street, and the feast began. The windows were crowded with men and women, and the roofs of the houses and even the chimney tops were covered with sightseers, who were anxious to get a good view of the demonstration. As the feast progressed the punch began to show its effects, and pieces of the ox were hurled through the air and even at the women in the windows. In spite of an advertisement that appeared in the papers guaranteeing "the prevalence of order and paternal affection," the dinner ended in a disgraceful debauch. The temperance laws were not observed as strictly as were those of Sabbath keeping, yet it is difficult to picture staid Bostonians of the early days revelling on State Street.

Another celebration was held on the same afternoon at Faneuil Hall, at which Samuel Adams presided with the aid of the French



OLD STATE HOUSE AND UNITED STATES BANK IN 1832

From a print owned by the Bostonian Society

Consul, but the four hundred or so persons present were better behaved. The citizens of Charlestown drank the healths of the Bostonians at four o'clock, and the compliment was returned fifteen minutes later with the accompaniment of an artillery salute. Every one on this occasion copied the peculiarities of the French mob, the cakes bearing the words "Liberty and Equality" and the merchants of Boston addressing each other as "citizen." So enthusiastic were the people on the subject of freedom that they even released the prisoners from the jails. During the festivities a liberty pole sixty feet high, with the ox horns at the top, was raised in Liberty Square, and a salute of fifteen guns fired. From the right horn flowed the flag of France and from the left that of the United States. Louis XVI had been executed several days before, and when the Bostonians began to realize the bloody character of the French Revolution their celebrations ceased.

"Their Country's Savior, and Columbia's pride,
The Orphan's father and the Widow's friend.
May future Hancocks Massachusetts guide;
Hancock! The name alone with time shall end."

John Hancock died fighting for State sovereignty. He made his last fight in September, 1793. To the Legislature, Governor Hancock, in that month, uttered the words that have grown in majesty as years have passed: "I have, in this case, done no more than my duty, as a servant of the people. I NEVER DID AND I NEVER WILL DECEIVE THEM WHILE I HAVE LIFE AND STRENGTH TO ACT IN THEIR SERVICE."

Out of the Council Chamber, the assembly standing as he passed, the Governor walked to his carriage. Three weeks later there was a brilliant military parade in preparation on Boston Common. News flashed: "Governor Hancock is dead." Throngs that had gathered to see the soldiers returned to their homes, and the troops also broke ranks, for Governor John Hancock was dead!

The same day, the Sheriff declared Samuel Adams Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth.

For a week John Hancock lay in state, throngs coming from far and near to gaze on the face of the noble patriot. At dawn on Monday, October 14, 1793, bells began to toll, and continued to ring for

an hour without cessation. Flags in the city and on ships in the harbour were placed at half-mast. The military corps of the town began to gather and were joined by companies from other towns, forming in line on the Common. The procession, a mile and a half long, moved from the Hancock house on Beacon Street across the Common to Frog Lane, now Boylston Street, to Liberty Pole, thence around the Old State House to the place of burial. The minute guns continued firing as the procession passed into Court Street and thence to the Granary Burying-ground. Past shops with closed shutters, past a hushed multitude, the procession passed. Near the grave, the military escort opened column, and John Hancock was laid to rest, three volleys being fired over his grave.

The original copy of the order of the procession is preserved by the Bostonian Society.

Because his strength failed, Samuel Adams withdrew from the cortége on State Street. When the General Court assembled the following January he said:—

"It having pleased the Supreme Being, since your last meeting, in His holy Providence, to remove from this transitory life our late excellent Governor Hancock, the multitude of his surviving fellow-citizens, who have often given strong testimonials of their approbation of his important services, while they drop a tear, may certainly profit by the recollection of his virtues and patriotic example."

State Street was the scene of a fatal affray on August 4, 1806, which resulted in the death of Charles Austin, the son of a distinguished Republican lawyer, by the hand of Thomas Oliver Selfridge, a Federalist lawyer of both social and professional prominence. The affair caused a great deal of excitement, and the day on which it took place was remembered for a long time as "Bloody Monday." The origin of the dispute was undoubtedly political, although the immediate cause was a quarrel about "seven waste pigs and ten bushels of green peas." On the Fourth of July the Republicans of Boston held a grand banquet in a tent on Copps Hill. The Ambassador of Tunis was present, and there was such a rush for admission that the ticket taker was unable to perform his duty. As a result the receipts were not what they should have been, and Mr. Eager, the landlord

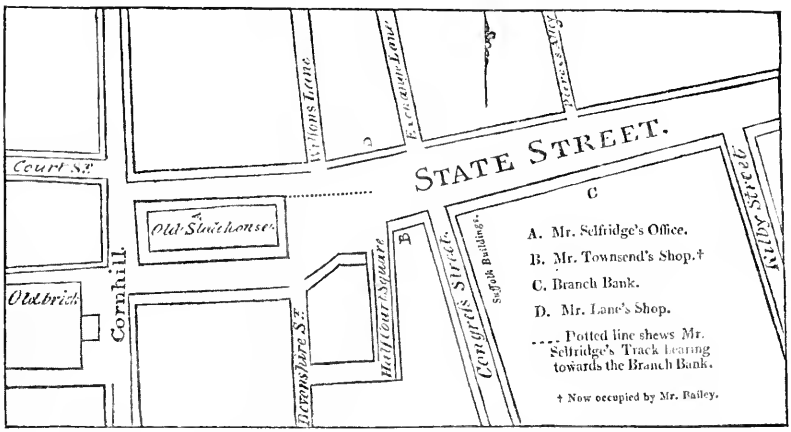


DIAGRAM OF THE SCENE OF THE SELFRIDGE-AUSTIN MURDER ON AUGUST 4, 1806

From "Trial of Thomas O. Selfridge"

of the well-known Jefferson Tavern on Salem Street, who was the caterer, was paid by the committee only as much as was actually collected. Selfridge, acting as counsel for the caterer, brought suit against the committee, at the head of which was Benjamin Austin. Words passed between the two men, and finally Selfridge had the following notice posted in the *Gazette:*—

Benjamin Austin, Loan Officer, having acknowledged that he has circulated an infamous falsehood concerning my professional conduct, in a certain cause, and having refused to give the satisfaction due to a gentleman, in similar cases:—I do hereby publish said Austin as a COWARD, a LIAR, and a SCOUNDREL; and if said Austin has the effrontery to deny any part of the charge, he shall be silenced by the most irrefragable proof.

BOSTON, August 4, 1806. THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE.

Mr. Selfridge came in from his home in Medford on the morning of the 4th, and Henry Cabot at once told him that Mr. Austin had made a declaration something like this:—

"I'll not take Selfridge in hand myself, but some person on a footing with him will handle him."

Thinking that probably he would be attacked by a bully, Selfridge put pistols in his pockets, and shortly after noon he started from his office in the Old State House for the Exchange.

Austin's son, Charles, who was only eighteen years of age and about to graduate from Harvard College, accosted Selfridge in broad daylight on State Street between the Old State House and the *Traveller* office, now occupied by the State Street Trust Company. The younger man hit Selfridge over the head with a heavy cane, whereupon the latter, who was rather old and feeble, drew out his revolver and shot his assailant. Splashes of blood came from Austin's mouth and nose; he reeled and fell. Cries from bystanders rose:—

"Who has done this?"

"Where is the man?"

"What has he done?"

"I am the man; and I know what I have done," said Thomas O. Selfridge. His friends tried to get him away, but he stayed on. He remained until practically in self-defence he walked to the house of William Ritchie with a party of his friends. When he reached the house he said to one of the party: "Go back to the Exchange, and inform the people where I am to be found." To another he said: "Go for Mr. Bell and Mr. Hartshorn, the sheriff's officers, and bring them here." The sheriff came, and Selfridge invited him to dine. The meal, however, was disturbed by the fury of the mob outside. "Damn him, he is a murderer!" they howled. In spite of the sheriff, the mob increased in size and anger. A coach was then sent for, and, after receiving Selfridge safely within, it proceeded to the Court House, accompanied by the crowd. "I was literally obliged to escape into prison to elude the fury of democracy," remarked Selfridge. A doctor was sent for, and the head of the prisoner, which had been badly cut by Austin, bandaged. After that Selfridge talked for some hours with his friends. The case was tried before Judge Parker, the district attorney, James Sullivan, appearing for the prosecution, Samuel Dexter, Christopher Gore, Harrison Gray Otis, and Charles Jackson taking up the defence. Thomas Handasyde Perkins was foreman of the grand jury, and Paul Revere was foreman of the petit jury which rendered the verdict of "not guilty" of murder. Soon after the acquittal, mobs infested the town, burning effigies, libelling jurors and judges, and threatening murder. The trial was a most important and interesting one on account of the many distinguished men connected with it. A detailed report still exists.

BOSTON EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE, BURNED 1818

It was here that Commodore Bainbridge was dined after his capture of the *Java*

"On Brazil's coast she ruled the roost
When Bainbridge was her Captain;
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dead Britons to be wrapped in."

On February 28, 1813, Commodore William Bainbridge, amid the booming of cannon, landed at Long Wharf, where he was received by officers and citizens of prominence, led by the Mayor, and escorted up State Street by the New England Guards to the Exchange Coffee House.

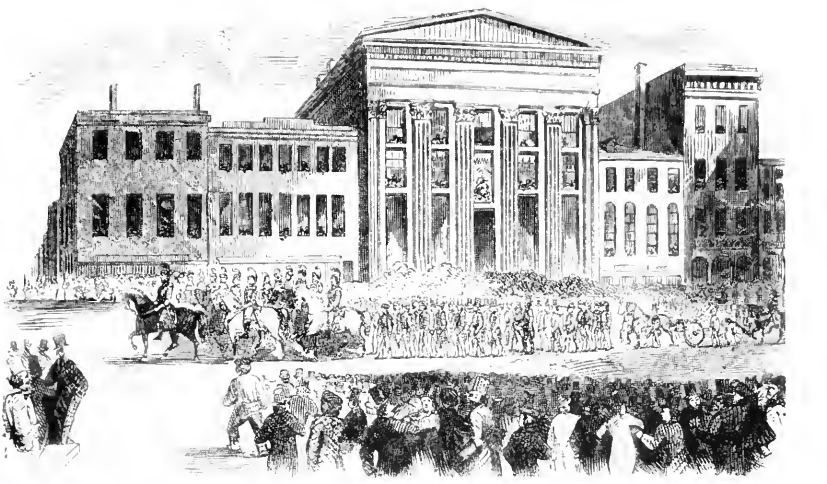
State Street was ready to welcome him, having put on holiday attire and dressed itself in flags and banners. His victorious frigate, the *Constitution*, lay in the harbour resting after her capture of the *Java* a few days before. Bainbridge himself as he marched up State Street was marked for the spectators on the house-tops, from the throngs that pressed closely on all sides, by the fact that he walked with uncovered head. Then, too, his figure was erect and noble. On his right hand was the veteran Captain Rodgers, and on his left was Brigadier-General Welles; Captain Hull, Colonel Blake, and officers following. A band was playing on the balcony of the State Bank. Under the banners and streamers strung across State Street the procession passed, while cheer after cheer from the citizens greeted the victorious commander. Under the ensign they passed —the ensign that was suspended across the street from opposite houses, on which was written: "*Hull, Jones, Decatur & Bainbridge,*" famous names in the War of 1812. In the harbour ships showed their joy with gay displays.

On the 2d of March a public dinner was given to Bainbridge and his officers at the Exchange Coffee House which was attended by Governor Gore, Harrison Gray Otis, Israel Thorndike, T. L. Winthrop, and other noteworthies of the town. The Commodore and his officers also visited the Federal Street Theatre, and as they entered the audience rose and made evident their recognition of the popular hero by an outburst of cheers. "Macbeth" was being played, and one of the actors threw his hat into the air and joined in the applause.

Commodore Bainbridge won the respect of both his countrymen and the English. Though twice wounded in the fight, the winning of which

Boston celebrated when Bainbridge came to the city, he continued to command his ship and personally saw that the wounded English were cared for. Captain Lambert he had brought to the *Constitution* and placed in his own cabin. Just before landing, Bainbridge went to him and, placing beside him on his cot the sword that had been surrendered, said, "I return your sword, my dear sir, with my sincerest wish that you will recover and wear it, as you have hitherto done, with honour to yourself and to your country." Lieutenant-General Hislop of the British Army, in gratitude for the care which his wounded had received, gave Commodore Bainbridge a handsome sword.

State Street was a Via Dolorosa when Anthony Burns, the negro slave, was escorted to the revenue cutter that took him back to his master in Virginia. In nine days he had cost Boston $30,000, one riot, and one life. On the day he sailed, June 2, 1854, he faced an audience of 20,000 persons crowded along State Street from the Court House to Long Wharf. Bells tolled their solemn dirge in neighboring Massachusetts towns, for on that morning the arm of Massachusetts had waved the fugitive back to the South. With a stamp of his foot Mayor Smith had said that no Boston bell might sound. Still, a church had been unlocked and the key turned from without upon a ringer. Slowly, over the heads of the people, the bell tolled, and yet nobody stopped it. The Mayor was busy, and policemen and soldiers faced livelier things than tolling bells. John K. Hayes, captain of the police, added to the excitement by resigning his position, as he refused to assist in returning the negro. It was three o'clock when the Court House doors were thrown open and Anthony Burns, the escaped fugitive, was walked through streets lined with people, soldiers, and even citizens with cutlasses and revolvers. At the head of State Street were two cannon pointed towards gathering crowds. It had been proclaimed that business be suspended, and the shops on the right side of State Street were ordered by the Mayor to be closed. The American flag, draped in mourning, hung from many windows, and from a window near the Old State House there was a black coffin with the words "The Funeral of Liberty" on it. There were groans



THE MARSHAL'S POSSE, WITH ANTHONY BURNS, MOVING DOWN STATE STREET

From "Anthony Burns," by Charles E. Stevens

and hisses for the troops and cries of "Shame!" as Anthony Burns was led by. An old State Street merchant stretched a rope from his own warehouse across the street and from it suspended the American flag, union down. He saw a man pulling at the rope to release it. "Rascal!" shouted the merchant, as he rushed to the street, his long white hair streaming in the wind, "Rascal! desist or I'll prosecute you!" "I am an American and I'm not going to see the flag of my country disgraced." "I, too, am an American and a native of this city," retorted the State Street merchant, "and I declare that my country is eternally disgraced by this day's proceedings. The flag hangs there by my orders! Touch it at your peril!"

When Commissioner Loring's decision was announced, Court Square was cleared and every avenue leading to the square closed. The artillery and infantry pressed back the crowds, while the light dragoons cleared a passage through State Street. The negro, with a guard sufficient for Cæsar and an audience of people in number worthy any general that ever marched in triumph from the water to the State House, passed on, unmoved by the spontaneous tears of Massachusetts women and by the silent grief of Massachusetts men. There was no music to enliven the march; nothing but the dull tread of soldiers,

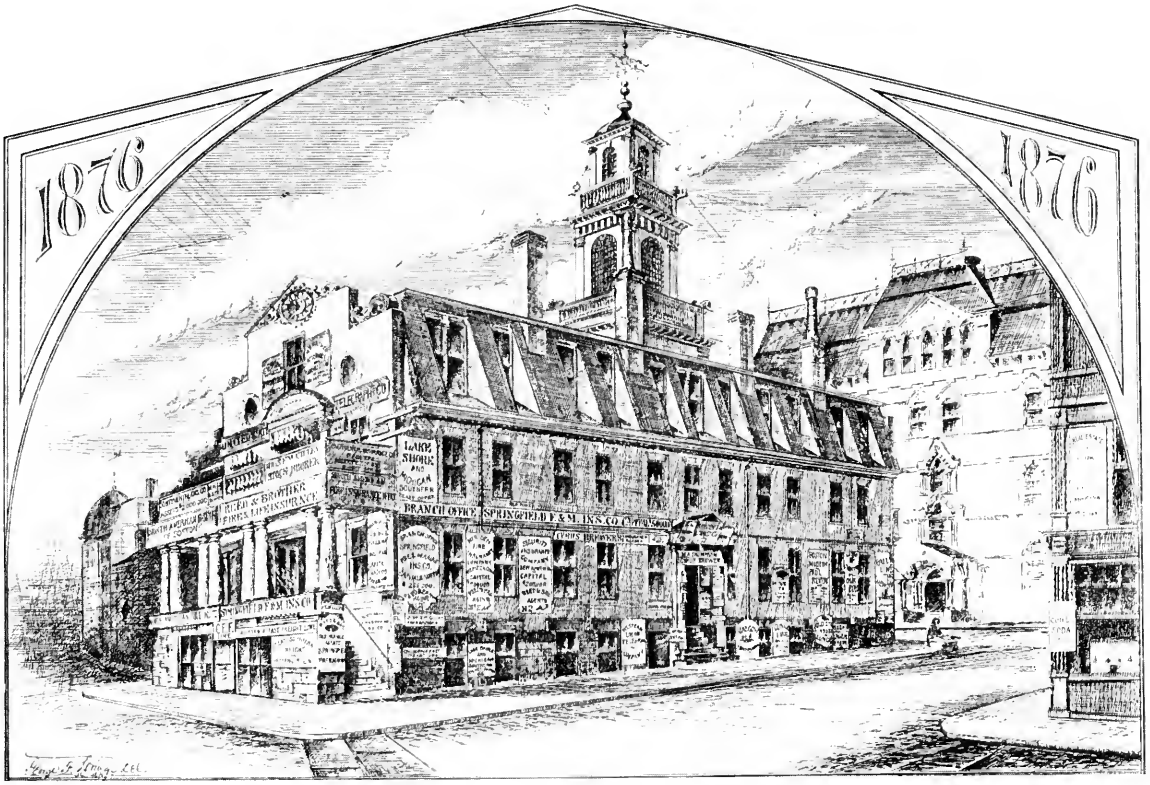
THE OLD STATE HOUSE IN 1850
From a print owned by the Bostonian Society

over pavements. There were hisses that rose constantly above everything else. Anthony Burns passed the Old State House where in 1646 the founders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had solemnly condemned human slavery. As the column went by the offices of the Commonwealth, it was greeted with clouds of cayenne pepper, and a bottle of vitriol was thrown from the same building, flying nearly across State Street, where it struck the pavement and

was broken in fragments. There was trouble when the military reached the Custom House, as the people pressed about them on all sides. With fury the Lancers, who were stationed there, rode their horses into the crowd, and the infantry charged with fixed bayonets into the surging masses. People were driven like rats into cellar-ways and forced up flights of stairs and into passages. John Milton was taken to the hospital with a sabre cut in his forehead, and William Ela was assaulted, beaten with muskets, and forced to the pavement. A. L. Haskell was attacked and injured by Captain Evans for hissing and crying "Shame!" "Tell me your name and business," said Mr. Haskell, holding up his bleeding hand. "Evans is my name," responded the officer, "and my business is to kill such d—d rascals as you are!"

The procession turned into Commercial Street, where a company with muskets was posted to keep order. A truckman on horseback was stopped by some soldiers and told it was impossible for him to pass. He was at the head of a long line of traffic that could get no further. "Fall back," commanded an officer. "I can't do that," said the truckman. The officer was enraged. "I'll fire on you," he threatened. "Fire, then, if you want to," said the man on horseback. The order rang for the soldiers to put percussion caps in their guns. Then the truckman rose on his horse, bared his breast, snatched off his hat, and, holding it above his head, cried: "Fire! You cowards!" "Ready!" said the officer. The soldiers' fingers were on their triggers. "Fire! You rascals! You cowards! Fire!" cried the truckman, waving his hat again. But they did not fire. Instead, a constable pulled him off his horse and arrested him. The Lancers at this point in the conflict came up with their pistols cocked. The fugitive marched on, towards the vessel that was to return him to slavery.

Thousands of persons went down to the end of Long Wharf on the Fourth of July in 1868 to witness one of the most novel races ever held. Three expert divers had arranged an under-water walking match from a raft near Long Wharf to another one moored near the Cunard Wharf on the East Boston side of the channel. Thousands of people lined the near-by docks and crowded the decks of yachts and



An unusual view of the Old State House in 1876, when it was occupied by railway, brokerage, telegraph, and insurance offices. The names of some of the occupants are shown at the sides of this cut: Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R.R., Springfield F. & M. Insurance Co., United States Telegraph Co., North American Fire Insurance Co., Cyrus Brewer's Insurance Agency, the Cunard Line, Western Union Telegraph Co., Continental Insurance Co., California Fast Freight Line; John E. M. Cilley, stock-broker; Reed & Brother, Fire & Life Insurance; H. H. Mather, attorney & councillor at law; Meriden Fire Insurance Co., and Security Insurance Co. From a print owned by the Bostonian Society.

steam tugs in order to see the unusual event. All eyes were centred on a small boat in which the three divers were waiting for the starting signal. Very soon a little steamer, called *Grace Irving*, poked her way from the south side of the wharf, with many distinguished guests on board, including the city committee and many ladies. The boat anchored near the place where the divers were lined up, preparatory to jumping overboard. At this point in the proceedings the spectators were treated to an unexpected shaking up, for the signal to start was given by exploding thirty kegs of powder which had been placed in tin cans below the surface. When Mr. Ammi Smith pressed the electric button, the water dashed up in geysers, and the hull of the *Grace Irving* rocked like a cradle. The contestants were in the water in a second, ready to begin their difficult tramp. George E. Townsend, an experienced diver, arranged and had charge of the contest, although he did not enter the race himself. The racers were George Phillips of Mansfield, William Lloyd and Jacob Palmer, both of Boston. Each of the three men had a boat to follow him, equipped with men to handle the life lines and air pumps. Palmer's boat made rapid progress at first, then stopped suddenly and went backwards, much to the surprise of the spectators. It became known later that Palmer's line became entangled in some rocks, which put him hopelessly out of the race. The other two contestants were on very even terms, but Phillips finally won over Lloyd, completing the course in seventeen minutes. The victor's headgear was removed, and he was handed an American flag, which he waved joyfully to the crowd, which responded with vigorous shouts and the tooting of steam whistles. The prizes were $75, $50, and $25. On coming to the surface, the divers said that the bottom was of bluish clay, and by treading on this the water became so discolored that it was impossible to see far ahead. Ordinarily, they could have seen ten or twelve feet in front, but in Boston Channel it was very difficult to see more than a very few feet away.

[*Over*]

AUTHORITIES

The following authorities have been consulted in the preparation of this brochure:—

The Memorial History of Boston, edited by Justin Winsor.
History of Boston, by Samuel G. Drake.
Boston Notions, by Nathaniel Dearborn.
History of Boston, by Caleb H. Snow.
Old Landmarks and Historical Personages of Boston, by Samuel G. Drake.
Letters written from New England A.D. *1686*, by John Dunton.
Historical Boston and its Neighborhood, by Edward Everett Hale.
Life and Times of Stephen Higginson, by T. W. Higginson.
Boston, by Henry Cabot Lodge.
Boston in 1813, by John Tucker Prince, in Bostonian Society Publications.
Dealings with the Dead, by Lucius Manlius Sargent.
Boston Events, by Edward Hartwell Savage.
Boston Town, by Horace Elisha Scudder.
A Topographical and Historical Description of Boston, by Charles Shaw.
Boston Eighty Years Ago, by Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff.
Deacon Tudor's Diary, by John Tudor.
Curiosities of History, by William Wilder Wheildon.
The Story of the Old Boston Town House, by Josiah Henry Benton.
Boston, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.
Boston Slave Riot and Trial of Anthony Burns.
Anthony Burns, by Charles Emery Stevens.
Theodore Parker's Scrap Books.
William Wilder Wheildon's Scrap Books.
Boston Fire Department, by A. W. Brayley.
Trial of Thomas O. Selfridge, from Court Reports.
Commodore Bainbridge, by James Barnes.
Life and Services of William Bainbridge, by Thomas Harris.
Letters of John and Abigail Adams.
Winthrop's Journal.
Mather's Magnalia.
Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England, by Captain Edward Johnson.
The Lives of John Wilson, John Norton, and John Davenport, by A. W. M'Clure.
History of the First Church of Boston, by Arthur E. Ellis.
Recollections of the Private Centennial Celebration of the Overthrow of the Tea at Griffin's Wharf, in Boston Harbor.
A Retrospect of the Boston Tea Party, by George R. T. Hewes.
The Historic Boston Tea Party, by C. A. Wall.
Taverns of Boston in Ye Olden Time, "Bay State Monthly."
Ancient Inns of Boston Town, "New England Magazine."
Old Inns and Taverns of Boston, "Bostonian."
Samuel Adams, by Samuel Fallows.
Samuel Adams, by William V. Wells.
Samuel Adams, by James K. Hosmer.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 076 962 9